

Vnto the Christian Reader.

All you that this shall reade oꝛ here,
marke well what doth insue :
Of those that Chꝛist his word abuse,
what lot fallcs to that crue.
I neede not here at large resite,
true subiectes knowes right well:
The troubles greate that chaunst of late,
by such as did rebell
Against our Sauour and his word,
which he to vs hath sende,
Also against our noble Quene,
which doth the same defende.
By bloudie boyles, these Rebels thought
to haue the vpper hande :
And to molest our noble Queene,
and to defile the lande,
With such Idolatrie as earst
was vsed longe ago :
The Wapist sect soꝛ to aduance,
their cursed minde was so.
And to deface Gods holy worde,
it was their whole intentc :
And to treade downe the Chꝛisten flocke,
these Rebels so were bente.

To the Christian Reader.

But often times thus haue we heard,
and now the proefe haue seen :
Who digs a pit for other men,
may fall himself therein.
So hath it please the Lorde aboue,
to trap those wicked traine :
And to help those that doth by right,
his godly worde mainteine.
For when these rebels thought by force,
to beare the bloudie sway :
The lorde (some of them) to our Queene
did yeeld then for a pray.
Which for their Treason iustly were
condemned for to die :
They? ende to know, if you geue care,
I shew immediatlie.

F I N I S.



The Confession and ende of Thomas Norton.

From Tower were these kiebels drawen
to Tyburn for their crime:
The elder of them first must i be,
his lot fell so that time.
A godly Preacher then in place,
exhortet him to pray:
His prayers then he did begin
in Lattin there to say.
The Preacher then, to him thus sayde,
pray you in English here:
Then will the People pray with you;
this answer made he there.
In Lattin will I pray (sayd he)
my conscience trouble not:
His Conscience as it seemde by this,
was good toward the Pope.
The Secendarie then did say,
vnto this Popish elf,
If that in Lattin you will pray,
Pray then vnto your selfe.
Vnto himself he then began,
to pray there secretly:
A Preacher then that willng was,
his dutie to aply.

A.iii.

Exhortet

The Confession

Exhorted him that he would pray,
in English as he should :

With much ado, at last to him
he graunted that he would.

The Lordes praier then did he say,
the Aue and the Creede :

All Sainctes he did desire likewise,
to pray for him in dede.

Wethe then, and when, that he fro thens
departed was and gone :

With better Faith he might haue build
on the hed corner stone.

The Preacher that instructed him,
did will him to confesse

His facte against our Lord and God,
and eke our Quene doubtlesse.

And how their risinge and their strife,
was to beate downe thereby

The worde of God, and that he had
deserued there to die.

To him he made this answer then,
th' offence that I haue done,

I truely here for it must die,
hether therfore I come.

The Lordes forgeuenesse did he aske,
and so his ende he made :

The Hangman made a quicke dispatche,
as is his wonted trade.

of Thomas Norton.

He asking none forgiveness there,
nor none he did forgive:
In steade of Dope, the Hangman then,
full quickly did him shrieve.
Therefore I warne you Rebels all,
a mende while ye haue space,
Unlesse the Tiburne nagge you ride,
or els at such like place.

The ende and Confession of
Christopher Norton.

Thus when the eldest of them had,
paied well for Boyish play:
The yonger then must follow him,
and trudge the self same way.
Which then did see before his face,
what death his Uncle dide:
And how in lumpes to quarter him,
the pearceing blade did slide.
Then on the earth he knecled downe,
his face vnto the East:
And then his Prayers he begonne,
as to him seemed best.
For of them both the yonger dide,
more godly of the twaine:
Wherby is scene in Papists olde,
what Stubborne harts remaine.

A. iij.

The

The Confession

The younger being asked then,
Wher he did there belæue:
Saued to be by Christe his death,
this aunswere did he geue.
I do belæue saued to be,
by Iesus Christe on hie:
For in no other do I trust,
he then immediatly.
Did ther desire the people all,
in p̄sence as they were:
That he there died a Christian true,
they all should witnessse beare.
So him one saide, confesse ye heare,
you haue deserude to die:
And that you haue offended God,
and the Quænes Maicstie.
I haue deserued this death saide he,
and you that are p̄sent:
Exemple ye may take by me:
he then incontinent
Did aske were any there did know,
Phillip Sturly by name:
Which Capitaine now in Scotland is,
sayes some, we know the same.
He is the causer of my death,
the Lord it him forgeue:
The moze he was all Englands friend,
such Traytours to repzeue,

Then

of Christopher Norton:

Then of his tale he made an end,
and from his talke did stay:
And did desire the people all,
that they with him would pray.
The Lords prayer when he had said,
and peoples repeate past:
Then in this wise vnto the Lord,
he praiech at the last
I Christopher Norton that am,
com heather for to die:
Hauing my body whole and sound,
and perfect memory.
Do heare confesse before the Throne,
of thy highe Maiestie:
O Lord my fact here at this time,
I do confesse to thee.
Desiring thee with hart O Lord,
to haue on me mercy:
Which now am comming vnto thee,
heare ready for to die.
Beceauie me Lord most mercifull,
a wretch which haue offend:
Mercifull Lord, refuse me not,
but to my crie attende.
And being hanged and cut downe,
as quartred he should be:
His bowels being taken out,
These words that time spake he.

—
Lorde,

An exhortation.

Lozde, Lozde, haue mercy on me now,
and so he yelded bzecath:
God graunt all other to beware,
by these two Rebels death.

An exhortation to all true subiects,
and a vvarning to the Papists.

If all men did perceaue the heapes,
of mischief that insue
And what mishap Treason doth bzing,
no doubt they would be true.
For first the Lord they do offend,
as Danle doth iustly proue:
Which saies thy sword against thy prince
thou shalt not draw ne moue.
And those that Treason do conspire,
this is their purpose plaine:
To bring destruction to the land,
wherin they do remaine.
With losse of landes, of Goods, and lyfe,
this haps by Treason fell:
And for the most part to all such,
as vse for to rebell.
Therefore all subiectes call to minde,
these plagues that sure will flow,
Vnto all those wheras in hart,
such Treason vse to growe.

Ther

An exhortation.

Therefore ye subiects highe and lowe,
 See that your harts be sure,
And that you ground both hart and faith,
 vpon the Gospell pure.
Let not these Papists with their bragges
 with all their maine and might:
Cause vs to feare, they haue the wrong,
 and we the quarell right.
Be true vnto our noble Quæne,
 which hath the sword in hand:
Let not your harts once feare or shrink,
 but boldly by her stand.
Against the Papists and the Pope,
 with all your might and powre:
Which seeke the waies, like raueninge
 the Gospell to deuoure. (wolves
Which is the chiefeſt iuell I say,
 that on the earth both raigne:
Let vs not change this Treasure then,
 for trifles that are vaine.
Belæue you not the Fables olde,
 that Papists vse to tell:
Bowe not your eare vnto their talke,
 which are the steps to Hell.
For some there be that vse to faine,
 and godlinesse pꝛofesse:
Which beare two faces in one hode,
 such is their wickednesse,

An exhortation.

To trap and turne such swaruing mindes
vnto their wicked trade
Of Poprie, whiche wee may be sure,
the Deuill himself hath made.
Away ye Serpentes that so lurke,
the Gospell is so pure :
It will confounde your poysoned stinge,
ye may not longe indure.
Repent therfore, in time amende,
forsake your wicked waies :
Use not such trade, which iustly doth
the Lorde our God displease.
Walesse such plagues do fall on you,
As did on these of late :
For if you do not sone amende,
you hardly will escape.
And all true Subiects now take heede
let no intilement cause
That you do yelde vnto the Pope,
or bowe vnto his lawes.
Remember that wee haue a Quene,
God saue hir noble grace :
That setteth forth Gods worde a right,
which doth the Pope deface.
Then for hir grace, all subiects true,
are bounde for hir to pray :
That from hir foes, the Lorde God will,
preserue hir night and day.
Finis.

To the Papists.

You Popish route,
Looke well aboute,
And warning hereby take;
Unlesse you swinge,
In Tyburne stringe,
As some did but of late.

Four selues submit,
As it is fit,
Unto the Lorde aboue:
Then as I deeme,
Our noble Queene,
Ye cannot chouse but loue.

Which doth maintaine,
I tell you plaine,
Gods word which is so pure;
Why do ye then,
Resist againe,
And treason so procure.

I do not faine,
But tell you plaine,
If you do not amend:
Such plagues may fall,
As will you gall,
And thus I make an end.

FINIS. **¶** Sampson Dauie.

